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The Mark







THE MARK

A Book of Poems

by

Trevor Delafield
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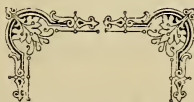
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My Little Wife

*I have a good little wife,
She's really the best thing in life;
She's forgiving and fair,
Beyond all compare,
Is my little, my little wife.*

Dorothy Lee

Under the wide-spreading chestnut tree, sat the winsome and beautiful Dorothy Lee,
passing the hours away, breathing the scent of the woodland's spray;
her cheeks like red roses, blooming fair, half hidden by curly golden hair,
beaming with wholesome vigor and youth, faultless in every particular truth.
Sweet as the honey, sipped by the bee, from the pretty flowers in the meadow,
so were her eyes as the skies above, filled with an ocean of feeling and love;
gentle and kindly— never vain; with sympathy that lessens pain—
that opens the narrow pathway wide, that joy or sorrow might divide.
To look at her then as she sat close by, building air-castles in the sky,
so peaceful, beautiful, wonderful, true— no fairy more lovely could any prince woo;
nor find in the heart of the woodland low— where the bluebell and violets grow,
a fairy-queen with half her charm, to cause his patient heart alarm.
When the clouds were floating in the sky, a song bird sang from a branch on high,
while the drowsy hum of the busy bee, made the maiden happy under the tree;
so sweetly she sang till her sweet voice fell, far beyond the wooded dell,
and out in fields of new mown hay, the farmers heard her love-song gay:

And each blessed her within himself, as he blessed the river that
flowed through the gulf,
Enriching his lands without fees of pay, as she had driven his
away,
And lightened his heart when sadness came, on a number of things
too vast to name;
Touched with pity and innocent mirth, her goodness was highly
teemed in worth.

Soon her love-song floating away, was heard by a traveler, so that
He, who came from a distant sphere, to survey the land for a race
clear;

Roaming one day on the hills away, wrapped in the beauty of her
And from afar this maid did see, singing under the chestnut tree

O! what a voice for a simple song, thought he, as he passed along
And all that day he whistled low, the tune that he thought he'd
know;

And that night 'neath the starry sky, he wrote this note as a fond
And hung it from the chestnut tree— a token of love and sincerity

"Sweet maid, I've heard your love song of the deep, and should
by chance meet

You, underneath their shady bowers, amid this growth of scented
flowers,

I know I could but fall in love with you. O, pardon me, but this is
Pray do forgive, I can't forget, because your love-song haunts me

So, Dorothy, another day, tucked this note in her dress away,
Wondering who could have left it there, wondering who could have
been unfair,

For little she knew of the engineer who was planning the track for
railroad near,

Who had stolen down in the summer's night and hung it there in
bright moonlight.

more she sat 'neath the chestnut tree, wondering who her prince
ould be,
e fleecy clouds went floating by and the sun shone brightly in the
ky.
zen rooks in the forest low, flew away in a startled row,
man was coming up the hill, but his pace had suddenly grown
till.

tly without a warning, as the breaking of the morning,
e sun ascends the mountain, as the water fills the fountain,
l things of weight and measure, these two lives had come together,
suspended on a chain that which each might choose to gain.

t and winning Dorothy Lee, underneath the chestnut tree,
ng in pretty form and grace, while blushes crept upon her face,
he stranger standing by her side, is soon to have her for his bride.
loveliest maid, I ever did see, was the beautiful, winsome Dorothy
Lee.

HAYMAKERS

ikeness of a man is only as he was, you have to know him to know
what he is.

old hen may sit on china eggs, but who knows that she is not laugh-
ng up her sleeve at you and good-naturedly taking the joke.

ecation is caused from lack of oxygen, so is divorce caused from
lack of sympathy.

endthrift is part fool, part goose and part jackass, but the combi-
ation on the whole, does not paint him exactly what he is.

more times you drown, the better captain you are.

people glory in having everything their own way, but opposition
far better, in some cases, for the material interest of their welfare.

ill the flight of time breed good or evil in a man, so will his heart
ncline.

THE BRAGGART

I very much dislike a braggart,
Who talks of himself all the time,
And tells of the wonderful things he has done—
From his old age way down to his prime.

He tells of his wond'rous relations;
How far they've advanced in the world,
And how he could easily fill every place—
If only the opening unfurled.

He swells out his chest when he's stating,
How every one looks up to him,
And asks his advice and opinion
On matters that don't concern him.

He talks of his huge sums of money,
And the interest it draws at the bank;
And says in a voice most emphatic,
The bankers have got him to thank.

He shows on his hand a large diamond,
And tells what its worth in cold cash;
And you sit with him down at the restaurant,
Where he's asking the waiter for hash.

It's surprising how much he can tell you,
About nobody else but himself;
For his mouth is continually moving,
And he's never at home on the shelf.

The Mermaid

I saw a mermaid of the sea,
Floating upon a wave.
Her hair in golden mass,
Entangled everywhere.
Her eyelids dark and eyes of blue
Blazed just beneath.
Below her girdle, too, scales
Glistened in the sun. Her skin was brown,
Tho beautiful she was, and as she breathed
Her breasts swelled high
And lowered then at last—
With ease and naked grace.
The gentle breezes, silently,
Came up from the sea
And smoothed her tangled locks,
Until they lay as ripples off the coast.

And through the night, so long,
She sleeps beneath the sea
On coral pillows; safely there she lies
Until the sun breaks forth,
Upon the crystal waves,
And it's reflection shines, beneath,
Into her looking-glass.
Then merrily she smiles,
Her laughter rings beneath the foaming sea,
And then the ripples on the surface break
In forms like tiny ghosts;
They roll on to the shore.
How drear this courtship,
Yet, it is her mermaid glee
To disappear when my boat,
In a fancy-dream, puts from the port.

No use to chase, I know not where you hide;
On the waves as a feather you rest;
Where silence and beauty are, you reign,
Your sleep is undisturbed,
The tempest wakes you not.
The sea-weeds are your garden
And the sea shells trim its edge:
Along the shore the barren cliffs
Look pale as death.
But you have not deceived my gaze,
Oh! mermaid fair—
For gently blows the breeze again,
Your old admirer dips his oar,
Or sets his sailes of white,
Glides then my boat into the foam
But when I find your resting place,
I find you not, my fancies are aware.

The sea-gulls screech at me
And scorn my bold attempts;
A simple skipper— count they me—
With foolish understandings, p'r'aps.
They doubt, as every fisher does, that my
Senses are clear. The mermaid
Still persists her idle duties to perform
And draws me in her magic way,
As if her wand had struck the waves.
The sun is glistening now upon the sea,
And tho I'm old, I see the mermaid young,
Her locks of gold float in the breeze,
Her eyes of blue unchanged,
And my imaginations are a sea of fate—
My boat is worn and leaks,
I do not dare to venture out,
For all is dark— my mermaid sleeps.

THE DRUMMER LADDIE

It was for Old England's Glory,
That a soldier marched away—
He was but a drummer-laddie
And his heart was young and gay.

A comrade pats his shoulder,
As he leaves his sweetheart Nell—
With whispers of the truest love
A soldier boy could tell.

He leaves his Mother weeping,
And his sister waiting near,
And down the street they listen to
The bugle's summons clear.

"They're calling me," he said,
"And I must be upon my way."
He waved his hand and smiling sweet,
A soldier marched away.

Down the street they cheered the soldiers;
Cheered the drummer laddie gay—
Cheered the boys as they were marching,
Cheered them as they sailed away.

And they thought his happy features
Were a credit to his race—
Though his brave young heart was aching;
Not a fear had touched his face.

If his dad could only see him,
Once he thought as they sailed on,
His dying words would pierce his heart—
As would a fairy's song.

For it's "Join your regiment, my boy,
They need such men as you—
They need them in the Army
And in the Navy too.

You know your dad was brave and true—
Although he's going to die—
They'll find a place for soldiers,
Up in heaven, by and by."

He cheered the men in battle,
When his drum resounded near,
And helped their weary footsteps,
When their tramps were long and drear.

And when they charged the enemy,
And shot and shell flew 'round,
And many a wounded comrade
Lay bleeding on the ground—

He bathed their heads with water,
From the canteen at his side;
And prayed o'er many a soldier,
Who closed his eyes and died.

But, one day, as the drummer lad
Struck up a startling air,
A bullet whizzed across his path,
And ripped his shoulder bare.

And later from that wound, he died;
For poison filled each vein;
His was a sad and fearful death—
God bless the soldier's name.

THE MISER

The house was haunted, so they say,
And stood on a lonely road, away:
Its walls were hollow and every sound
Was echoed from the gables 'round.

Its gardens were unkept and wild,
And on them no fair maiden smiled,
The roses grew on tangled stalks,
And fell their petals on its walks.

The trees wept loud as the wind passed by,
And wierdly dwelt their mournful cry—
Across the unkept lawns, to the squeaking gate
That was rotting and sadly out of date.

A miser lived in this horrible place,
That stood as a home of vile disgrace;
Of crime and terror and haunts galore,
With ghostly mutterings in store.

The money-elves scampered in the wall,
Skinny and dirty, black and tall,
And fought with greedy and bloody hands,
For posession of all the miser's lands.

At least the miser thought these things,
As he summed up the lot, his chair took wings,
And flew to the widow's scanty home,
To watch her starving, there, alone.

He staggered away from this wicked scene,
And relieved his mind that it was a dream,
As the widow rapped on the entrance door,
With a wailing plea to feed the poor.

He smiled with hatred and drove her away,
Reproaching himself for his idle play;
Then down the road, 'neath her tattered shawl,
Went the ragged old woman after her call.

Hungry and weary, she plodded along,
While bells, in the abbey, pealed a song;
Chiming they rang, "Come Unto Me."
Echoed her heart, "So let it be."

The miser went to his chimney-hole,
And reached his hoardings from a bowl;
Bright yellow pieces, that weighed him down,
He counted in piles the table 'round.

A thief, sly and cunning, peeped thru the blind,
And saw this sight that he'd seldom find:
The miser heard his tiny noise,
And caught an eye, in its evil poise.

Quick as a flash the devil came,
And placed a gun to the miser's brain,
Who yielded up his glittering mass,
As would a frightened little lass.

Gone are all his treasures, today,
For death has laid the miser away;
Sorrowing yet, his bones decay,
And 'round this house his ghost will stay.

And every sound, from its creaking doors,
Is breathed again, as the harsh wind soars
Past the naked grove to the chimney-flue,
Where the bad money-elves have nothing to do.

BABY'S TOES

Baby you're a wonderful sight,
Huddled up there in your crib at night:
Sleeping there in your wee night clothes—
I can see your little toes.

What do you care for the cold and ice?
Mammy has tucked them all in twice,
Covered them up all snug and tight—
You're not trying to do what's right.

Under the quilts she's tucked those toes,
As many times as the North Wind blows,
But still you persist in sticking them out—
And when she puts them in, you pout,

Don't you know, baby, they'll freeze some night,
If you don't let her cuddle them up tight,
And then you'll have no toes at all,
To tuck under the quilts next fall.

Don't cry baby, I didn't mean that;
But you know what happened to pussy cat;
If she'd only have done as we told her to,
She'd never have stepped in the pot of glue.

HAYMAKERS

The only disagreeable thing about a sea captain's
job is, that in case of shipwreck, he invariably is the
last man to hang around.

When the end of the world comes we will reach the
city-line and all change— there will be no pay-as-
you-enter system— and the storage-battery will be
a thing of the past,

OLE BILL BORDEN

Bill Borden was raised in Kentucky—
His hair am white as snow,
He's the kindes' faced ole darky
Dat you eber wan' ter know.

His eyes am brack an' shiny,
An' he's wrinkled heah an' dar—
But de wrinkles in his fo'head
Hab nebah come from care.

He don' b'lieve in worryin'
An' frettin' all de while;
I'se heard him say, dat don' git yo'
A bressed thing mah chile.

Fer when de cabin's empty,
An' dere's nuthin' on de shelf—
It's time dat ebery lazy niggah
Stirred his lazy self.

An' let up on de worryin',
An' use his han's an feet—
An' git out in de cotton fiel's,
An' dere de labor meet,

I'se heard him say, a dozen times,
De cullah'd folk dat's slow—
Is gwine to fin' it mighty hard
Ter save up enny dough.

Dese gwine ter fin' dere chances slim,
Ob gettin' things dey like;
An' chickens ain't a gwine ter cook—
Aroun' dere fire light.

THE TYRANT SEA

Roll on, O, tyrant sea, for I love thee no more,
Once, I had loved, but now I hate thee more and more;
I may speak rashly now, I'm not myself;
You make me shudder with a strange impulse.

And I so soon forget the cruel deeds wrought with one I loved;
When in your maddened haste you swallow all that's dear to me?
And from the cover of my heart, you sting down to the pit;
You now amuse me not with idle follies, false and not thine own.

From out my arms you took the sacred being, a life so dear to me;
And for her grave shall she have coral red,
Without a sign of marble white, to guard her head?
I saw the ocean's herd crawl o'er her face, in one mad dream, God
grant it may not be, for every sake.

I loved her song of peace and joy upon that blasted sea,
And when the vessel chose to sink, she put all trust in me.
I did not know she'd left my arms, until I cried with pain;
The cut upon my forehead deep had torn me from my claim.

I have seen the waves, that dash and roll and climb:
When have I cut the notch for nothing, yards high upon the tallest
mast?
No, no, I loathe and hate the name and word of sea;
I have seen serpents, in the jungles, cruel, but they were not like
thee.

True sweetheart of my dreams and thoughts—
This is the dream I sought in vain but yester-morn:
No truer dream no prince in costly garb,
Could ring from out his silver horn into this world.

I saw thee stand alone upon an isle, far out at sea,
I saw thy locks of gold, as rippling waves that set the ocean blue
And though I dare not say thy voice came clear to me,
The sweet voice that I heard, was very like thine own, my love
Thy hand stood up above thy head and in it was a woven thread
It waved to me, I saw it as one sees the white— at night.
Was it your flag of truce, that bade me come, that beckoned me?
O, love of all, can you be there? I know not where! I die for thee
My Sweetheart fair, my only love, I seek in vain for thee;
Dark, every night, I spend alone, alone, away from thee:
The star that shone above thy head, my only idol, now is dead;
I breathe thy name, in life or death, I love thee all the same.

To Violet

How sweet the scent of violets seems, upon this evening air!
Methinks, of all the flowers that bloom, with them, none can compare
I love the daisy, tulip grand, the lily and the rose,
But then the violet is to me, the fairest flower that grows.

O, come with me to the dell, where they grow and stay with me,
forever;

For my love is true, as the violet blue, and nothing our love can
You caught me there, O, Violet fair, amid the moss and the heat
And there you made my burden of love, lighter than a feather.

I wonder if you know, Violet, the old story sweet and plain,
The one that is often told to you, that you cared not to explain?
It should be the same old secret, lone, that you understood long
For I'd make it the same, to bring you again, to the dell where
violets grow.

JACOB'S LUCK

en times iss hardt und money scarce und bizness comin' shlow,
Und no von comes indoo mein shop to buy der goods, you know,
Und no von on me cast a shmile, so huddled ub und bent,
Und I got nothin' mit me left to pay der weekly rent.

feel chust like a chickin' mit his fedders all pulled oudt;
Or like a b'loon dot's goin' do burst und all der vind go oudt;
Or like a vee sardine, von time, dot's shut up in der tin,
Mit all der oil der runnin' roundt und no vater do schvim.

Or like der turkey gobbler ven Danksgifin' comes eroundt;
Or ennyding dot's much ubset— chust like der bob-tail houndt;
Or like der vicket satan ven der fires all burndt oudt,
Und all der sinners comin' in, mit faces full uf doubt.

But ven der bizness changes und der times vas gettin' gute—
feel chust like der Vriar in der tale uf Robin Hoodt.
My life vas full of sunshine und der vas no room for care,
For ef'ry von dot meedts me says dot Jacob's on der square.

Und all der ladies greedt me as dey come indoo mein shtore,
Mein heart vas beatin' faster ven dere comes von I adore;
Und den I dink I choose a vife und settle down for gute,
Und buildt mein leetle cottage, like a brosb'rous vellow shouldt.

Und ven I ask her for der handt' so lily-vite as shnow,
Der von I luf chust shnubs me und dells me vere to go;
Und so I vas unhabby und mine heardt vas full uf bain—
vonder if dere vas a vriend dot I couldt efer name.

Und ven der night iss fallin' und I'm sleepin' in mein bedt,
Und on der billow I lay down, mein veary, droubled headt,
see der angels vaitin' und dere callin' me do come,
Und I close mein eyes und vonder vere I go ven I am done.

PESTS TO THE WATCHMAKER

Does the man make you sick, who comes in with a whine,
And says, that his watch will not run,
And when you look into the matter real deep—
You find that it's all on the "bum?"

Now, the hairspring, for instance, is pulled out of shape,
The balance wheel's all out of true,
The pivots are bent and a jewel or two broke—
It's a pitiful sight that you view.

You look up your record— a mainspring you've put,
At the back of the tangled up wheels;
Now the watch ran all right before you did that—
It's the dollar the customer feels.

But you mustn't get angry and blow off his head,
You must act like a lawyer in court,
And frame up some questions in diligent tact—
As any good watchmaker ought.

Then you'll find Little Willie had played with the watch,
And a friend had helped out with the work,
And a dozen other good reasons come up—
That a FIVE-DOLLAR-BILL wouldn't hurt.

HAYMAKERS

A good roof overhead will keep out the rain, but it takes a
pleasant smile to bring the sunshine into a dark hovel.

HELL isn't a matter of fact but, rather, a matter of course.

The longer the tail, the more the wag; the smaller the man,
the more the brag.

Sin is only proof that the devil is treading on our heels.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

Linger with me stranger, for just a little while,
And list till I tell you of other days when I was a wilful child;
It's summer time and maybe, you should be on your way—
But this old heart, within me, is coaxing you to stay.

This is no formal greeting, that you're accustomed to,
To sit you over yonder and hold you down with glue,
But listen, kindly stranger, to my humble sort of chat,
And if you're good at figures, you'll soon see where I'm at.

You say you're from the city; I lived there long ago,
Until my heart was yearning for the country, don't you know?
I couldn't fashion my fancy, to abide with a blooming thing,
So I packed my grip one morning and put it under my wing.

And here I am with my wife, sir, contented as any might be
Cast adrift on an island, from a shipwreck out at sea;
And I feel very much like a sailor, sailing the briny deep,
Tasting the salt of discomfort and having breakers to meet.

I was giddy in youth, sir, the tempters had me at their feet;
Showed old nick a good time, sir, I certainly paid every treat.
Never thought of the reckoning, life to me was too sweet;
Never got hooked to a trouble, my purse or pals couldn't meet.

And so I grew and drifted, from this thing into that,
Without any aim or ambition, with less pride than a cat.
Then came the great change, sir, a happy girl caught my eye,
She saw good in a creature, others had shunned and passed by.

One morning, I met her, alone, sir,— starting out for work,
After that, you believe me, there wasn't a task that I'd shirk.
All at once I got promoted, I took it with uncommon ease—
Knowing the girl was behind it, taking the form of the keys.

I felt mighty queer, sir, her taking this interest in me,
It seemed I'd been dead and buried and given up, you see;
The air I breathed, sir, seemed purer and fresher each day,
She taught a wonderful lesson; showed me the brighter way.

I can't go on to describe her, as she was in days long ago,
She did so much to help me in her winning way, you know;
And I've often thought if a flower were given to somebody,
Whose heart was bent on destruction, would they do like me?

Or would they fly to the country and croon of sorrow there;
And open ears to the harsh wind, that brought only despair
Or again, let in the sunshine, and cast off a burden of pain
Reap the rewards of a harvest, that only the righteous gain?

And now, I wish when you're passing, perhaps another day,
You'd sort of get the fever of dropping 'round this way;
For we get mighty lonesome— you see we're getting old,
And your young presence cheers us, when this tale is told.

At least you wont forget us,— I don't see how you can,
Though this tale I've told you may not be worth a hang,
We trust you'll hold it, stranger, and keep it on your brain,
Lest in the coming future— we may not meet again.

THE OLD, OLD MAN

What language can I speak, now, I am old,
That breathes a world of good things from my heart?
For I desire, my feeble help to give,
Before I die and from this world depart.

What soothing message can my lips convey,
And utter, differently, to bless untiring souls of worth—
I am so old, so very old, yet, I would help someone
Before I leave this earth.

The Echo of Your Voice

What is this song you sing me of the West,
That kindles a fire in my breast,
And makes the warm blood flow into my heart—
To hear you singing like a lark?

Is it the tale of a cowboy wild,
Or the piteous song of a wayward child,
Or a love song of the silent deep,
Or a mother's song to her babe asleep?

Sing it to me 'till my eyelids fall,
The song of songs that I recall,
The song with enchanting melody,
That thrills the very soul in me.

In you I hear another voice, that sounds so far away;
Calling, calling me to come, but I know not the way.
The echo of that distant voice is far away, I fear,
Drowned in the chasm, deep, that murmurs near.

Tho' it takes me back to the days gone by,
When I loved the blueness of the sky,
And the flowers fair that grew at my feet,
And the loved ones that I'd chance to greet.

One like yourself, with golden hair,
And a voice you hear not everywhere,
Sang this same song to me,
Day after day, so constantly.

I've grown to love it and in my dreams,
I see and hear her who sings, it seems,
And yet she is not unlike you—
But in reality you're two.

To see her smiles that once cast care away
And seemed so like the sunshine's golden ray,
That filled one's heart with sudden hope—
No patience or love can invoke.

Sweet dreams fair maid, for this must be your song,
That cheers no one but me in this mad throng,
Life has been bitter as the wind's shrill blast,
The mental misery I've soothed at last.

THE SACRIFICE

To wander in the night where lone lights flicker
bright,
Not stars in splendor, they, but artificial gleams
of dazzling white—
This is a city's sacrifice,
Not to be stilled in silent graves but wandering
steps to bleed their ways.

Who then are they, that lurk into the night, with
cries that guide the patient heart,
To find again the calmest voice of love?
Are they the stars that shrink from sight
Or are they images of life?

When life is stilled in this elusive night,
The grayest shadows of the dawn encounter light.
Is this the morn in silence creeping,
Or some strange cloud of earthly greeting?

The Swallows

I hear the swallows twittering
And see them floating by—
As tiny ships, with outstretched wings,
Beneath the azure sky.

I count them as they disappear
And vanish like a mist;
And once I lose and once I add
A straggler to my list.

And now, I think, as darkness falls,
How weary grows their flight—
Darting here and everywhere
Until I lose them quite.

Deserted is my pleasure trip,
I fly with them no more
To dreamy palaces away
Upon an island shore.

Oh, yes! I know where they are now;
I've seen them oft before—
One nestled in each tiny hut,
Another at the door,
Twitter, twitter, twitter,
Their voices break again;
Oh! It's a happy family
That bears the swallow's name.

THE LOVE BABY

When the love baby left us and drifted away,
To her beautiful Home above:
I know that the angels were whispering to her—
And telling their story of love.

I know that the message was soothing and sweet,
For the smile on her lips did portray,
A happier life, in the world far beyond—
That was nearer and nearer today

Her sweet little hands, so dimpled and cold,
Lay idly down at her side;
And her soft little tresses of curly brown hair—
In a white little ribbon were tied.

It would seem had I called her to wake very soon,
That she'd open her wondering eyes,
And the soul would return to my tiny love babe—
That had floated away to the skys.

Then her cheeks now so pale, would grow rosy once more,
And her face beam with merriment light,
And the cares and the trials of the day would depart,
We would banish them all from our sight.

But Our Love Baby's gone to her Home above,
For her soul is spotless of sin,
And the Good Lord, who loveth His Little Lambs,
Has prepared a place within.

'Long Towards Evening

'Long towards evening, when the work is done,
When slowly sinks the setting sun,
Beyond the hilltops far away—
Just at the close of day.

All things around grow calm and still,
More silent is the busy mill;
Except the babbling of yon stream—
Her boundaries are quite serene.

The soft blue clouds float in the sky,
Still darker clouds have passed them by;
And even those so clear and white,
Are growing darker with the night.

Forlorn a lone star shines above—
The symbol of the Light of Love;
The mysteries of night awoke too soon—
For now beyond the hilltops beams the moon.

The gentle wind now sways the trees,
That dip so lightly in the breeze;
The flower's perfume fills the air—
This is a night of beauty rare.

Along the lane that leads to Morden's Dell,
Where all the pretty maidens dwell,
Rings laughter from a happy pair—
Sitting alone in the moonlight there.

'Tis the pretty daughter of miller Lee—

Who thought himself lucky when off on a spree;
But he's taken taken advice from Evangelist Jones,
And far be it now from tickling his bones.

The lad who in courting this sweet little miss,
Has been teasing some time for the feel of a kiss;
He's coaxed her to try it, he's offered to buy it,
But still she ignores his true bliss,

So the laughter rings in this night so fair,
And dies away in silent care;
Then down the lane the lover's steps grow still,
And the voice of night and silence goes back to the mill.

The Risen Soul

I loved thee once, O maiden fair,
I loved thy locks of golden hair,
I loved thy charming eyes of blue—
Thy smiles and all that that was of you.
And though I know, sweetheart, today,
That you are many miles away,
I love thee yet, ah, better still,
Than all the treasures of my till,
Than all the stars that beam above—
I could not count them with my love,
I could not fancy them to be—
As one bright smile that came from thee.
Oh! when I saw thee robed in white,
Thy sweet face pale, thine eyes closed tight,
No voice to hear, no smile to meet—
I was a stranger at thy feet.

Just Baby

Let me tell you about our baby
Before she went away;
I know you'd have loved the dear little tot,
If you'd only have seen her at play.

She was a happy baby—
With a few little blocks on the floor,
All the day she'd be so contented
And tease for nothing more.

She'd play there on the carpet
And laugh in her winning way—
And run to the door to meet me,
When I came home each day.

And her little arm on my shoulders,
Would pat and pat away,
I know that my baby loved me
For she made it as plain as day.

I can feel her gentle kisses,
And her little hugs so tight;
I can't believe she's gone away,
Until I'm home at night.

And doesn't it seem lonesome—
Not to see her in her chair,
And hear her happy little voice,
That drove away all care.

She was so like a little birdling,
That fell from it's tiny nest,
Whose little voice was far too weak
For the harsh wind of the west.

And they both died without complaining;
For their sobs were sobs of love,
And now they are happy together—
In the beautiful land above.

What Is Home Without A Baby?

What is home without a baby,
What is home without her play,
What is home without a baby—
If a baby's gone away?

What is home without her presence,
When the day is darker grown?
What is home without a baby,
If her little form has flown?

What is home without a baby—
Seal this in the pages white,
It's a home of fearful silence—
Beauty-blossoms, turned to blight.

What is home without her laughter,
What is home without her cheer—
Almost like a dingy castle—
In another Hemisphere.

Forever At The Wheel

Deserve it or deserve it not,
Who answers to this name—
He dies a man without renown,
And fills a grave with shame.

You're drunk! No serious offense
So far as drunkards go,
But what a pity to dethrone yourself—
As hungry passions grow.

Think man of how your baby coos;
And no doubt she implores:
Behind the castings of your will—
You know that duty scores.

Has she not tried her utmost
To define your ruthless ways,
Does she not in her labors great
Deserve one word of praise?

'Tis strange and is there no disgrace,
On her, and 'round your resting place?
Or perhaps 'tis her 'till morning dim—
Awaits there at the threshold to reveal your sin.

She has the hope and faith of one in misery,
Her days are long and sad;
Her hand is shaking as your own—
How raggedly she's clad.

Your children run as savages upon the earth;
You teach them not to drink from birth—
This is the place that hits your heart the worst,
For in your sober moods these passages you've cursed.

Such an example as your own inherits crime,
From weaknesses, like yours, one can resign—
And strengthen all into a will of steel;
Your boat is safe, today, if you will stay—
FOREVER-AT-THE-WHEEL

The Raving Drunkard

I am a man who believes in men, I know the spirit that dwells
in them;
The haunts of the devil, to me as well, are as a dream of hell.
I only see the angels white— as ghosts that haunt the quiet night.
Ah! happy moments, are those of pain, to me— in which both
images do reign.
I fight a single hand— suffer the wretch who will not understand
My home is darker than the night— the soot of all evil's my
candle's light,
Desolate, unworthy, without name— am I deserted as a plain?
Then leave this blasted fit behind, O man— if thou art modeled
from the clay, thee can.

How wild the wind this night; no clouds, no moon, I see no
stars in sight;
and now my eyes are robbed from sight, my ears are dull, I
scarce can hear the howl of the wind upon the night.
call thee, Grace, come near; thee need not fear my swarthy
hand;
credit thee with being no fool, and yet, the subject has no
rule;
see at last in thee, a frame of good intent— and are thy
shoulders bent?
s life so hard with thee? The sacrifice, so far, has been thine
own.
n this lone spot— am I alone? Why no reply? Thy lips are
dry!
am I alone? O, ghost! O, spirit! Why?

Grieve not for her, who God has known, show not thy sympathy,
Dark is thy world, but let it build— A Better Soul in Thee.

A Sailor's Love

ger on the shore, my darling, patiently I wait for thee,
the lighthouse where you left me, where you called me your Marie;
y the days seem, O, so dreary, since you've drifted 'cross the Lea,
ve nothing but a fancy left of what you are to me.

en I see the cruel waves dashing on the cliffs that edge the sea,
n see your good ship sinking many miles away from me.
ny darling, I'd been waiting, for a long, long time for thee,
no ship that put to harbor brought the slightest news to me.

All day long I sat and wondered— wondered if you cared for me
Wondered if your love was changing, for you'd tarried long from me
But I trusted you, my darling, and I put all faith in thee—
Since you told me that you loved me, one glad summer by the sea

It was just the other morning when a new ship anchored port,
I felt sure of hearing something from the vessel that I sought.
Strange they had no news to tell me, nothing kind they had to say
Then I heard them in the cabin, whispering your name away.

"Yes, he's dead," the captain faltered. Oh, my God! How can this be
"Here's a letter that he gave me, I should take it to Marie.
Can we find her," he was asking. "Yes, I'm here, give it to me
"From the bravest on the billows," said the captain of the Glee

"Sweetheart, I am dying slowly— no more your dear face I'll see
For our ship lies 'neath the ocean, sunk upon a stormy sea:
I perhaps have been a hero— ask the captain of the Glee.
Goodby, darling, how I love you— no one else but you, Marie."

Gently then the captain told me, of the horrid wreck at sea,
How the vessel fast was sinking, how my darling swam the sea
Beckoned in his passing schooner, how he penned this note to me
How he placed the lives of many in another port from me.

O, captain, I am broken-hearted— to this lad I should be bride
Never more shall I be happy, in this world without my guide.
I am but a simple maiden with a heart that shall not hide—
My fond lover's true compassion— though a hero, he has died.

Elaine, The Miner's Child

wild and rugged mountains, that surround the barren shore
misty Lea of Tempest, lies the fair Lake Calevor;
her waters as the sapphire, bound her banks with emerald green,
together Nature's carpet stretched across this beauteous scene.

Mountains steep, with lofty summits, tower upward to the sky,
clad for the greenest mosses that have caught the tourist's eye;
mouthed caverns, rugged valleys, winding streams flow down to meet,
with mighty roar of thunder down their cataracts they leap.

Flowing through the peaceful valley, following the wierd old trail,
gurgling over steep embankments, echoing its lonely wail—
the river through the woodland, dashing madly by each scene,
of beauty and enchantment that would haunt the wanderer's dream.

Ever on its journey through green fields of fertile land;
each spot of rustic beauty to the blue sea's mystic strand,
to bear its burdened measure in a frame of foaming joy—
glad with the soft caresses that would sadly trick the coy.

The lake lies in the mountains, nestled in its silence there,
a cloud of blue descending on a tranquil evening fair;
lying there in silent splendor, kissed by every floating breeze,
are the storms that shatter this deep basin of the leas.

On a pathway in the valley, winding up a mountain steep,
the quaint old fashioned dwelling of the claimant miner's sweep;
there he lived with wife and daughter, sweet Elaine, the miner's child—
in this barren wilderness upon all things she smiled.

She loved each spot in the valley's depth, yet none did she love
Than the sparkling waters, in the hills, of the fair lake Calevor
Sometimes at night when the sullen moon shone in the azure sky
She sat alone upon its banks and heard the night-bird's cry.

And every sound that came to her out of the peaceful deep,
Would fill her heart with unknown joys, that they on pleasure sleep
"O!" she would say, within herself, "If I could only be
As happy as that little bird, that sings in yonder tree."

One day an artist found these hills of ancient splendor rare,
And painted scenes most beauteous, beyond description, there;
One of the fair Lake Calevor, one of the river wide,
But many of the miner's child upon the mountain side.

And often as they walked alone, down through the narrow glen,
They saw the rushes dip and wave, across the distant fen;
And heard the jingling of the bells, in the meadow far away,
Where the shepherd found contentment, watching the lambs at play.

Then on the trail, the old, old trail, their shadows often fell;
And one day he had painted her standing beside the well—
Her figure full of blooming youth, her pose of graceful care,
A face so lovely, pure and good, a body strong and rare.

But soon he left for the life beyond those hills and mountains so
Though love had built within his heart a fire that would not sleep
And his heart rebelled, for he knew he loved the beautiful Elair
Though in his pride he vowed that they should never meet again

in those hills a maiden fair found no voice to complain,
gh in her mind and conscience brewed a half regretful strain;
sympathy may cast her lot upon the helpless blind,
ne could only find it in the birds that lagged behind.

in her heart she found again, the same relentless hope,
till regarding this impulse, again her thoughts invoke—
birds can fly to lands afar, upon your dapple wings,
f this land of idleness, into the heart of things.

alone, to pine, to fret, to ask the reason why—
you pursue your happy course in activeness so shy.
r thy heart, thou deep voiced thing, Oh! for thy songs so gay—
re perhaps thy wings so light that take thee far away.

* * * * *

crept along and years went by, the miner's claim proved well;
ve within the mountain's pass became a golden cell:
de old hut soon changed its guise, into a dwelling grand,
hings he never dreamed of, came and stood before his hand.

healthy claim he sold one day for many times his worth,
en it seemed to him, by far, the dearest spot on earth—
o it is, when our work is done and riches come at last,
te to yield to the ease of all, where duty held us fast.

in the great metropolis, wound by ten thousand keys,
money is the greater force that rests on judgment's knees;
ilt his home, a stately place, with lawns and flower grounds,
stood as sentries there on guard, against these barking hounds.

The sweet Elaine was happy there, she yearned for all these things,
Though she missed the fair Lake Calevor and the birds with dappled wings,
The mountains bare in that country fair, and the shepherd's jingling bells,
The rushing stream, the river wide, and the pretty woodland dell.

The artist who came to her mountain home, lived in this selfsame place,
Though he knew her not, she recognized, his proud and handsome face,
And his paintings of renown and fame, that hung on the rich mountain wall,
Had made her long for the other days that she often did recall.

One time they met at a banquet grand, where music held the swiftest pace,
And he took her by the hand and danced, though he knew her not the name,
He never dreamed that the miner's child in her silk and satin array,
Was the sweet Elaine that he had left on the mountain far away.

His heart was fickle, then, he thought, now he could love again,
What was there binding in his heart, that made him meek and lowly man?
Oh, no, he loved the sweet Elaine, who held the mountain's pass,
The fairest maid in all this world, he'd go to her at last.

And so one day, it came to pass, he sought again those scenes,
Which he had painted, long ago, from out his fancy, dreams—
"Lake Calevor", "A Mountain Pass", "The Shepherd", "Shores of the Lake",
"The Miner's Child"—but where was she? And then the tale was told.

She left for the city some years ago— sold out their worthy claim,
They live in— let me see! Don't mind, I know the sweet Elaine,
I wonder why I feel this guilt— she'll be ashamed of me,
Me, with my petty, foolish pride. What will her answer be?

When he met her face to face and breathed her sacred name,
Love still burning in his breast, his very heart aflame;
Sweet Elaine! I went for you, far o'er the mountains steep,
I have loved you since I left and now I'm at your feet."

"Love!" she said, her soft, sweet voice crept to his heart again,
I waited long for you to come, I truly thought you vain:"
"Love! forgive, forget," he said, "I love you, sweet Elaine—
I'd give a thousand things that I could never name."

My heart for you is stronger now, I've lived through years of pain—
My desire, now, dear heart, will be to change your name."
"Accept your humbleness, I pledge to love the same,"
And, in tones of happiness, "File now your long lost claim."

It was the miner's child, the beautiful Elaine,
The handsome artist and all his worldly fame;
Pride was but a trifling thing and out of nothing made,
In the end what is this pride? A trait that never paid.

The Cottage of My Love

Is a pretty little cottage on a river bank away;
Where the birds are sweetly singing, where the flowers bloom in May;
Where the church-bells tell a story, as they echo far and wide,
Of joy and gladness, a tale at eventide.

When the toil of day is ended you will find a happy pair,
Under those rays of golden light, that lights that cottage fair,
Where you'll find a love complete— a love beyond compare,
Whose hearts in perfect harmony have lives to live and dare.

Age has no gauge or limit mark, no monumental core,
Like one grand oak that stands serene, before its olden door;
No carpet of the mildest hues can shun that massive green;
Without a boundary mark, save one, and that the river's lean

Sweet perfumes, this an orient of uncomparing views,
Betwixt the roses, white and red, and violet's softest hues;
This cottage old, no harbor told of homes like the Above,
But to the soul who wandered by, 'twas sympathy and love.

THE LOVE SONG

How sweet is love to me, the love I know, so pure and true,
And whiter than the snow— that covers up the green, and lays
summer low.

I do compare thy love with winter's snow and blow.

I hail the passing sleet, to ask, what to expect before the spring
And in my very ear it will repeat, thy love song sweet.

Then can I hear the pattering of feet; with but a message, as I go
A tiny elf, who stands there at my feet, I know not why.
But then I love thee in return, ah! better than the earth—
And could I guess thy place of birth, or what thy heart alone
worth!

And I am told by cupid bold, that such a heart was never sold
Yet, "It is mine," you say, "Until we part, some day, and then
soul drifts away."

How soon, my love? That thee can never say— it may be mine
that day.

In Loving Memory of Elbert Hubbard,
Who Met His Death on the Ill-fated

LUSITANIA May 7th., 1916.

There comes a Message, while we sleep,
From far across the briny deep;
A tale that drives us to despair—
For sorrow meets us everywhere.

On wings so swift we catch the note,
The naked Wand of Death afloat
Has dealt it's dealing blow,
Upon the innocent and foe.

And from our midst it claimed a man,
A man of strength and kingly charm,
Whose personality, alone,
Upon the four great winds had flown.

Thus was his masterly origin,
His sense of justice and decision:
His art, his kindly ways and thought—
These gifts were given and not bought.

'This was a hamlet, quite unknown, before his coming;
But as a spider, he had built a web, and set it humming:
He drew from every sphere where love and beauty reigns—
And brought it here that we might reap the gains.

All loved him, for the love was Nation-wide,
We look upon his deeds, with pride;
The memory of him we will ne'er forget,
His death we mourn with deep regret.

DE DARKY'S SERMON

"Mah frien's," de colored preacher said,
"I rekon yo's all hearin'
De sermon I's agwine t' preach,
Afore dar am a clearin'.

De subject ob mah tex' ain't dis,
Which am de proper gal t' kiss—
De white gal wid de face so fair,
Or de black gal wid de coily hair.

Far from dat frien's, we's come t' learn,
An' t' de Scriptures we will turn;
Whar wise men walked afore our days
An' follered paths ob righteous ways.

Dey chose dere words wid utmost care,
An' nebah got no chanct t' swear—
Becase dere possum slipped de trap,
While dey was takin' ob a nap.

Dey neber bathed out in the sun,
Nor fer de politics dey'd run;
Dey neber had no ezy snaps,
Ob loafin' roun' an shootin' craps.

No! No! Mah frien's, dere's somethin' wrong,
Wid ebery one dat's in dis throng,
Dere's sometin' loose or out ob place,
Dat's written dar upon you' face.

De Moses dey foun' in de rushes,
'Mong de song birds an' frushes—
Had mo' sense by far dan yo'
Who sleeps on Sunday in de pew.

De Daniel dat went in de cage,
T' tame de lions wid de rage—
Was not afraid ob nothin' when,
De Lord was wid him in de pen.

De Bible am de proof we got,
But dat don't trubble yo' a lot—
Yo'd rather spen' yo' idle hours,
A shockin' pore Ol' Brudder Power.

An' when his bufday come aroun'
Yer laffter den, am mos' profoun'—
Eliza sniggles, Jasper grins;
But dat don't cober all yo' sins.

De chicken coops yo' rob at night,
Am pas' mah jurisdiction quite—
De smell dat comes from ebery cabin,
Am proof enuff ob what youse habin'.

Ah's plum disgusted wid affairs,
Yo're ezy fer ol' Satan's snares,
Yo' keep de good Lord fer at bay—
An' listen what de Debil say.

De jokes yo' play on Mammy Lee,
Am pitiful fer me t' see;
De wonder am she lives today,
De obsticles dat's in her way.

Dere's no use talkin' folks, dis way,
We's got a lot ob debts t' pay—
Some hab mo' an' some hab less,
But each hab got his load, Ah guess.

Dem dat borrows, dem dat owes,
Jes' reaps de crops from seed dey sows—
An' when dey're castin' out dey're line,
Dey lose de fish mos' ob de time.

An' so in closin', folks, Ah'll say,
Der am but one, bright, glorious way;
An' up in Heaven 'twould be gran'—
To hear yo're voices wid de ban'.

Who Knows?

Grief is a hard thing to judge;
Sorrow and broken hearts too—
May not reveal, by actions alone,
Half of the secrets they brew.

Although a smile is seen upon a sunny face,
And cheerfulness has kept his hopes above:
Think you, there is no feeling in his heart—
Of sad and unforgotten love?

Like winds his course may change;
Where he alone, to muse, in idleness:
As for his babe, departed from the Earth,
With tears upon his cheeks he offers his caress.

O! Can the World say that he does not care;
And fortify their towers with despair,
And seek with eyes that are closed blind—
To criticize the heart they do not find?

YOU

yes you guard me with are azure blue, and are they mine to
o?

fter are they than the dawn, I love them much. Why do I
ose to mourn?

miles you cast on me so roguishly, I see in dreams, enchant
constantly.

the best of me with them, for they adorn you as no precious
1.

ands that lay in idle leisure, have not sought, only, whim's
pleasure;

mfort me through the long years, and drain, from out my
rt, sad pain and tears.

the mind is good in you, no false deceit in life you rue, for
are fair and true.

THE KING'S FOOL.

t a fool for thy bulky size! Ha! well, I see, thee do not think
wise.

thee wise, I being thy King, to smash this sentimental thing;
w thee in the gutter would be wrong, but that is where thee
uld belong;

t a fool, a foolish fool, I say, and for thy nonsense thee shall
rly pay.

can not amuse thee, who art wise? Ha! get thee gone, thy
t I do despise.

well, I must apologize, thee tell the truth at times but these
lies.

sh fool, thee interest the King, then why not leave me now
n thy wing?

lting time, my Lord, and wings come out. O! damn thee fool,
patience will give out.

But think, my Lord, what I have done for thee,
I've made thee hunt to find the joke and some thee never see.
I see them all, thou foolish knave, although thee think them dead
To listen to a dozen such would drive me into sleep.

Did I not save the princess, once, from bumping in the wall,
And take thy shoes from under thee and save thee from a fall?
Oh! fool of fools, listen to me, thy head is hollow sure.
Thee think so King, then make me one, that holds a trifle more.

Sit down, I've heard enough of thee, it's time thee earned thy wage.
Come, tell me, would thee earn thy salt, if I made thee a page?
Ha! fancy me a fool at heart, with no brains to decide,
I answer, yes, if this will do, the fool thee can deprive.

Give me thy hand, have faith in me, a fool can be thy King;
But still a King can never change to serve thy patient kin;
There have been times, I've thought thee brave and loyal enough
fight—
I'll honor thee, oh, fool! today, and make of thee a knight.

"So thou hast made me a knight," said the fool, "Although it is
against my rule—
To ride upon a charger grand, when I should sit at thy left hand
a stool."

"Yes," said the King, "Thee paved the way, in deeds of valor,
yesterday—

Go, mount upon thy gallant steed, such men as thee my country's

"His fool a knight," His royalty said, "Why this can never be!
Then ask the King of all thy land and let his words smite thee.
Take up thy cups and drink again, for of this now thee know,
Or draw thy swords and let my blood upon thy kinsmen flow.

go," said the King, to the knight he loved far better than his crown, —
to my traitor's camp and bring the gauntlet I threw down."
watched the knight, from the castle old, urge his horse to a
quicker pace;
watched them as they disappeared, as a speck in the distant waste.

tle did he think that day, as he watched the horse and rider away,
errand would be fulfilled to the last, of the fearful odds that his
knight would pass.

thought more of the lesson fine, for the gentlemen who drank the
vine—

chaffed over the things he'd done, in their haughtiness and mock-
ery fun.

day had passed, the King grew calm and still; he sat alone at the
window sill

looked in a half suspecting way— out on the hilltops far away,
e the shadows fell and soon t'was dark; no song came from the
roosting lark,

the peal of the harp's sweet sound— somewhere in the palace
ground.

n rang loud at the castle's gate, a form drooped by the rein;
teed that carried his master back was breathing hard, and lame.
ider still, his voice was choked, his blood clogged every vein.
e is the King? And the King came down to receive his costly gain.

knight" he said, "My noble fool, my heart thee'll surely break;
is this gift, thou givest me, compared with thy sad fate?"
lood was dripping faster then, a spear had torn it's way
to his heart, dying he said, "Thy fool hath been at play."

Long in the night the stern, grave King, paced up the castle hall—
Looked on his knight with eyes of love, though death answered his call—
But no one knew the Princess fair, with lips so red and sweet—
Had kissed the fool as he lay there, upon the cot, asleep.

“O, God!” spoke the King as he knelt one time, with his arms lifted
in prayer,

“I see the grief on my daughter’s face, for the fool thee hold up there
Now, gladly, I’d give my life for him, my knight and my fool that I gave
If only the soul was back with him, who lies in yonder grave.”

And those gentlemen, so grand and fine, who pledged themselves to
the inner shrine—

Who told their tales of bravery grand, that the fairer sex may understand
Told no more of their worthy fame, nor yearned again to hear their
name—

Echoed through the castle old, where the King’s Fool Tale was often
told.

THAT DAWG OF OUR’N AT’OME

We got a dawg at’ome, what’s got a wiggly tail,
An’ all the rest that’s left of ’im, is slower than a snail.
’E barks an’ growls an’ makes a fuss,
Our Sunday clothes ’e likes t’ muss—
T’ tell the truth ’e is a cuss— that dawg of our’n at’ome.

One time ’e saved a life, ’e did, some weeny, teeny, li’l kid,
Fell in the creek and got ’mos’ drown’d, but that dawg snooped aroun’
An’ pulled ’im out, just like you’d pull a trout.
Why, ’e’s the ’ole life-savin’ crew an’ never ’ad nothin’ t’ rue;
’E’s got no reason t’ be blue— that dawg of our’n at’ome.

kes t' 'untin' quite a bit, an' when 'e spots a bird 'e 'as a fit;
rabbits too, 'e likes t' chaise, 'e's 'elped me capture many a brace.
tch the smiles that light 'is face,
'e 'as found their 'idin' place—
you that pup's no disgrace— that dawg of our'n at'ome.
y, d'ye think 'e likes 'is muzzle— that dawg can solve mos' any puzzle,
get it off an' put it on, so you'd think there's nothing wrong.
jes' die t' see 'im wiggle— 'e'd make the modest giggle.
'e's a real detective dawg, 'e'll lie dead jes' like a log—
never 'ad t' flog— that dawg of our'n at'ome.
eve 'e'll tell me, sometime, that 'e's goin' t' die, jes' t' make me cry—
hat intelligent, an' don't 'e like the gent—
ick me there before the 'arth, and save me many a mornin's bath,
don't take t' water, 'e's like me, in some respects— 'e'd rather porter;
es me, an' I think 'e oughta— that dawg of our'n at'ome.

A TALE OF OLD

ther sang to her tiny babe, as it lay in her arms and cooed,
e the night wind, sighing in the starry night, told of winter cold and
ude;
ang to the babe so mild and meek, 'till it closed its eyes and fell
sleep—
he sweet little child had never a care, to sip from the world, as it
lept soundly there.
the mother had a care, as she rocked the baby to sleep in the chair,
thought of a father who roved o'er the deep, as a tear fell lightly
pon her cheek,
thought of his words as he went away, of his laughter light and his
miles so gay;
vainly she wished as his ship sailed away, that he might return at
he next break of day.

But something was haunting her fancy that night, as the winds howl
wide and the stars beamed bright,
As the fearful waves dash upon the shore and the light in the lighthouse
shone no more.
Oh! where was his ship sailing in the black night? Was it cast on the
rocks or winning the fight?
And wildly the billows rolled on the shore, 'till it seemed they passed
cottage door.
But her heart was brave, though she saw no sight of a ship's white sail
a ghost at night;
And the thoughts that she held in her mind were clear, and for her own
self she had no fear;
She only knew that there was no light, in the turret, to warn the ship
that night—
From the cliffs that stood out in the sea, where many a wreck, by chance
might be.
So she laid her babe, to sleep in the cot, dreaming so lightly its innocent
lot—
While she crept out into the night, that hurled against her its storm and
blight;
And taking a boat that was held fast, near, she loosened its hold and
gan to steer;
And the waves rolled high, in their maddened flight, and tossed her like
as a paper kite.
How she fought in that sea on that horrid night, is told 'round many a
fire-side bright;
Each able seaman, who scarce knew her name, has put her deeds on his
memory's chain,
And passed it on from sire to sire, with the grandest hope that it might
inspire—
In the younger blood, when duty came, to love and honor her fair name

placed the light in the lighthouse old, and saved a ship from its
rocky fold;
the father's ship came back no more— 'twas wrecked upon a distant
shore,
away in the deep blue sea— as a plague it haunted her memory;
she died of a broken-heart, 'tis told, for her heart was full of the
purest gold.

babe was left to a neighbor's care, and from a tiny rose-bud rare—
grew to a rose of beauty fair, that one might find— if he sought with
care
some chosen garden— not in potted form, but out where the sun kiss-
ed the earth each morn—
ere the rain falls, light as the evening dew, that brightens all things
with life anew.

as she grew older she found her mate, a captain's son of the ship
Good Fate,
whom her mother had saved in the storm— by lighting a light in the
lighthouse [to warn
ry ship that by chance was afloat on the deep] that the feeble old
watchman neglected to keep;
his day had been weary, his rest was not long; he had slept without
hearing the wakening gong.

* * * * *

shed not a tear as some good you portray, in deeds that are noble, to
lighten the way—
there's many a ship that is tossed on the foam, that has once lost its
course but again found its home;
it's not always the guiding light— that shines in the turret top at
night,
it might be the grip of a friendly hand, or a kindly heart that can
understand.

HEART O' MINE

Ah, stop that panic, heart o' mine, don't thee know better than to p
when thee hast found thy love?

Don't thee know better than to thump thy tragic way, thee pelting mor
Steadfast a minute, then, when I think of one sweet girl thy tumult's
again.

I oft-time think there's more love in thee than I could calculate ther
was:

Well thump, then, if thee want, an' when thee's through, I can supp
I've won.

Thee found, within her hair, a rose, but thee would not be fooled as whe
that flower grows.

Thee liked her smile full well, but thee had never seen her sad an' o
this, thee was glad.

Thee loved her best, thee tol' the brain that held thee fast, lest thee
should go insane.

Thee was a plucky bit to 'dulse in such a fit; thee must look out ahea
or thee may suffer pain.

Thee laugh within the breast, scorn good advice, like all hearts do, t
wee bit o' fool.

Thee thinks thee catch a bit o' joy when thee sees her 'round about,
thee know little and not all;

Thee thinks thee likes her ways, thee'd better think a while before th
wed and find if thee art wise.

Thee likes the blueness in her eyes, thee doth not see what 'hind the
lies, thee'd best wait for a while.

Thee troubles me on numerous things, thee makes me wild with the
thee'll have to stow away thy faults;

Thee makes me think o' other hearts, thee stupid, wee fool, tortured
heart o' mine.

The Sailor

Bonny brave sailor, tanned with the sun—

Tell me how your ship doth run,
From port to port, on different seas;
With compass-guide and changing breeze.

Tell me of her fearful plight—

On a stormy sea and a windy night,
When the clouds are dark and the stars are few,
As she dips and bends in the ocean blue.

Tell me again of her calm and still—

On a peaceful sea, as she rests at will;
When the sun's turned the glassy waves to gold—
And the dreadful tales of the sea are old.

Tell me of voyages bright and clear;

Tell me of ship-wrecks sad and drear—
Of trips when God was your only aid,
When you knelt on the cabin floor and prayed.

Of manifold pictures, in thousands of hues—

Painted on seas without any clues,
Painted by Nature in wonderful grace—
That never an artist could justly trace.

Mid sails aloft, mid anchor down—

The boldest mariner, I'll crown,
Who sails his ship on every sea—
Is brave and gallant enough for me.

The Modern Poet

He carries a dictionary under his arm, and the words that he u
have caused much alarm;

He writes on every well known topic, tho' the doctors prescr
that he'll have to stop it.

He works up a poem without thought or advice and is greatly s
prised when it fails to cut ice.

He goes to the country to stay for a day, to complete a synopsis
on rural display;

Where a kindly old farmer lays lame with the gout— and at
leaving, is walking about.

It's a pitiful tale, that I have to forbear, of a poet's sad life i
soft easy chair,

With comforts and pleasures and other things rare— like go
things to eat on a sumptuous fare.

Yet none will be bound by the width of his ties— until after ye
in a lone grave he lies;

Then they'll carve on the slab that is placed o'er his head— “H
lies a true poet ye countrymen fed;”

While a college professor, who spent years in vain— will have b
dug up to examine his brain.

Suppose he's related to some ancient gink, who made a g
living by using up ink,

His ancestry may work his name to the front, but his chances
slim, if this sharp end is blunt.

O, it's a hard life, this poetical craze, for there's many a scho
through life it will daze:

Wise men, smart men, the young and grave, all love and honor
very brave;

Being a poet, myself, I know what it is— to be sifted through
finest sieve.

A Love Letter

When the shadows are falling
And all is mute and still;
When the little birds have flown to their nest—
Even the ones we loved the best;
There comes to my heart a thrill.

Weary am I for the day has been long,
And welcome the night of rest:
But no one sleeps in her little bed—
“Our Own Darling Baby is gone,” we’ve said,
“But God in Heaven knows best.”

When the sun is of gold and shining bright,
And the apple trees are in bloom;
In the beautiful month of May—
I shall never forget the day
When our lives seemed filled with gloom,
Only to have her once again,
That she might grow and live—
Only to press her little form,
Only to kiss her lips so warm—
Oh! What a ransom we’d give.

BABY LOVE

We listen but we do not hear your voice,
Nor feel your little hands so soft and warm:
We have no picture of you as you were that day,
My fairy babe; and now we’re all forlorn.

Oh! Big blue eyes that wondered and were bright;
Oh! Tiny lips that kissed a fond good-night;
Oh! Little traits that were so sweet and true,
My Darling Baby, this was part of you.

A Day Dream

The day was sunny then, and as I watched the clouds—
Drifting as vapor by, I sought my baby out;
A tiny cloud with edges tinted gold, a pretty shape,
And veiled so light and fair, so like my little babe.
It was her, then, I thought, and my imagination led me on—
Into a fairyland, a happy land of flowers rare, of song birds
and of waving trees,
Until, it seemed, I walked with her again and laughed and
played,
And she was just the same dear babe that loved me so:
But then there came the parting from it all, and as I watched
the clouds,
They intermingled, one by one— and my fancies were lost.
The tears came to my eyes, as oft they do, O! honest tears
they are,
Tears of love and fond devotion. My Angel Babe— know you
my grief?

TRUTH

I am always to love the man who tells the truth;
He is not only a good friend to have,
But a blessing to humanity at large.
Such a man wins my confidence,
For honesty is his trade-mark
And as he brands everything with it,
His work will I hold high and himself highest:
Blessed be he who makes truth his target,
Whose aim is true, and never fails to hit the mark.

I CARE

I care, because you will not hear my song—
My melody of Right and Wrong ;
I care because you step into the dark ;
You will not heed My Guiding Hand :
I love mankind and so, I care—
Because you will not hold my hand.

I care, when men make idols out of gold,
And scoff at My Commandments old :
I care, because they will not heed my voice,
They are unthankful for the Rain and Sun—
And Golden Harvest's they have won ;
And wickedness is still the sinner's choice .

I care, because the thief with naked hands—
Has come from out the Brewer's Stands,
Where crime originates upon the bar-room floor ;
Where fakir's secrets are revealed—
And deadly plots of crime are sealed ;
And legends of good deeds are barred without the door.

I care, when innocence is trodden down,
And wears it's foreign cloak and guilty gown ;
I care, because I know that Wayward Inn,
With dazzling lights of red and white ;
With pinnacles that pierce the night—
There starts the stranger's journey to the Land of Sin.

I care, because you stumble in your task
To hear Him of the Cunning Mask;
I care, because I know his ways are wrong:
He guides you with his burning torch
Through lands of misery and pain;
I care, because I know the Land where you belong.

I care, because men sin upon the Earth,
Who are Born Sinners from their birth;
I care, because they do not find the way
And will not come to Me;
For they must have a troubled heart;
I care, because I know their weakness in the fray.

I care, when Kings and Emperors with each other rage;
When death, disease and horror fills their page;
I care, because war's cruel disaster—
Piles up our lists, miles high, with dead,
And blood flows fast from balls of lead—
That fly from unknown barricades, that know no master.

I care, because men are such fools,
To sacrifice their Morals and their Rules;
I care, because I know Death's Cry—
That piteous, low, helpless sigh:
I see the Cross and by that sign I swear,
And, because of all these things— I care.

My Angel Babe

Are you calling to me, My Darling,
My sweet little Angel of Love,
Are your dear little arms outstretched to me—
From the beautiful Heaven above?
Are your dear little lips turned up to mine?
Oft I've kissed them and kissed them again,
As you've tried to raise on your wee little toes—
With a love that was ever the same.
Are you pouting your lips my dear little girl,
And sending your kisses to me,
On the low gentle breeze that is swaying the trees,
That come from the blue cloudy sea.
Are you contented, away up there,
Away from your Mother's fond care,
Away from the ones who loved you the best—
Tell me my baby fair?
Whisper to me as I dream at night,
In your own little winning way,
And come to my arms as you always have done—
That I may be happy and gay.
Tell me your secrets, Oh, baby mine!
And whisper them soft and low,
For your sweet little voice was a joy to my heart—
That nobody ever may know.

FORGET ME NOT

Forget me not, O Friend! when I am kind and good,
And kneel unto your passion's craving, as I should.
Forget me not, when I am trodden down and sadness comes to me,
For I shall need your help and most of all your sympathy.
Forget me not, although we part and years go drifting by;
If notions change and fashions rule, let them not sever you and I.
Forget me not, if you should win renown and fame,
And have the letters of a master mind tacked to your name.
Forget me not, O Friend! if you in power rule,
If in the school of life, your arts do outwit mine— a fool.
Forget me not and do not let your feelings toward me turn to hate,
Find in my deeds a worthy trait— Forget Me Not.

Summer's Here

So, Summer's here again; how beautiful it seems
To wander down the country lane—
And hear the bird's sweet song again.
The golden sun shines down; and pale blue clouds go floating by,
With phantoms of the briny deep; down to my very heart they creep.
Oh, Summer's here again! I breathe the scented air,
And yearn for you my little babe— so sweet and fair,
Yearn for your childish way, yearn for your laughter gay;
All through the summer hours as oft as song birds sing—
Your little face, in memory, through all my life will cling.

HIS INTRUSION

I just 'ung my 'at up there on the wall—
So you'd know I'd been out on a call.
I'm terribly busy; an' honest these days
Ain't good fer a man, when 'is 'eart is ablaze.

Oh, what is it, Dame, would yer like me ter tell,
'Ow I've been progressin' with my country belle?
Sure, I was ter the ball with 'er this 'appy night;
Oh, she is an angel; an' ain't I a sight?

Look at me suit, Dame, now if yer would,
I'll brush it a bit, so I'm sure that yer could.
Yer'd think she's ashamed o' me, with 'er t'night—
I'd like yer ter 'ear, when she said, "Yer all right."

Now, I 'ad no intentions o' goin' ter the ball,
But I 'apt ter slip in while makin' a call.
She said, "Will yer come?" an' I said, "Look at me!"
She said, "It's a masqu'rade," but I said, "No-sir-ee."

But she coaxed an' she teased, like all maidens yer know,
Who is pretty, an' witty, an' pure as the snow;
So I said, "I will go, if yer'll marry me, now."
But she said, "No me can't, but me wants ter, some 'ow."

So, o' course, now we're married— just wait 'till yer see
The bride an' the roses, the preacher give me;
So, if you don't mind, Dame, me bringin' 'er in—
Ter be blessed f'r 'er virtues an' loved f'r 'er sin.

Now me Lily was blushin', the Dame wiped 'er eye—
An' tears was a'fallin'— yer couldn't pass by.
Oh, wasn't she bonny! Oh wasn't she sweet!
I was 'appy enough ter be there at 'er feet.

Then I said, ter the Dame, who was cryin' f'r joy,
"I want yer ter 'tend ter yer gal an' yer boy;
An' any suggestion, at all, within question—
We'll welcome fer good they employ."

When The Soldier Boys Go Marchin' By

When the soldier boys go marchin' by,
Over 'ome in ol' Englan'— it just makes me cry;
The ol' uns an' young uns, the fair an' the gray—
It's a wonderful sight when yer 'ome fer a day.

They know not the trenches, the gases an' shells,
They know not the pit-'oles o' uncommon 'ells.
So straight in their jackets, they're marchin' along—
While their 'earts in their bosom's a bubblin' a song.

They play "Royal Britannia" an' "God Save The King,"
An' all other songs that are dear t' their kin;
While the Union Jack's wavin' some paces ahead,
My 'eart that was lightened is 'eavy as lead.

Could they know o' their perils, these brave boys who fight,
Who are mowed like a meadow, from left and from right,
Cut in the 'arvest of sorrow and pain,
Only the victors o' glory or shame.

Leavin' their sweet'arts and mothers t' pine—
Pressin' them close in their arms fer a time,
Leavin' the children in innocent joy
Clappin' their 'ands or wavin' a toy.

Proud that their Fathers are brave an' true
To the Nation that 'onors the Red, White an' Blue.
Speak t' me now, an' I'm dreadin' the sight
As a soldier on leave; who 'as dealt in the fight.

When the soldier boys go marchin' by,
Over 'ome in ol' Englan'— it just makes me cry;
The ol' uns an' young uns, the fair an' the gray—
It's a wonderful sight when yer 'ome fer a day.

Sailor-man

"Give me a ride in your old tumble boat,"
Said I, to a sailor-man, just for a joke;
"For I long for a ride, out there on the sea
And it's me that is asking your company.

Now, I've got a notion that sailing the sea,
Is what's put the blossom in your cheeks, for me;
Not watching the gulls that come up on the shore,
But sailing around and manning your oar.

So take me a ride, don't say where 'twill be—
But any place most, on the billowy sea;
And tell me your yarns as we're riding along—
And sing me a bit of an old fashioned song.

For you must have many, stored up in your head,
Pictures of mermaids, on coral isles, red;
With golden hair floating, upon every breeze—
And laughter that's lighter than foam of the seas.

So push off your boat, I'm anxious to go—
The trip's most inviting, for me, don't you know;
For I've never been out very far on the sea,
I'm for tanning my skin, if I thought you'd agree.

So push off your boat, let her dip in the foam.
Oh! thank you, kind sailor, I feel much at home:
This ride is a treat to a lassie like me,
Who's never been tumbled about on the sea.

Oh! see the waves dashing on every side—
I'd much like to be a sailor-man's bride.
Don't count me in earnest, I'm flattering you;
It's surprising to find what sea breezes can do.

I'm taking your hand, you see, I'm not afraid,
But I'm just a bit nervous on going down grade.
Suppose we should tip, oh, where would I be—
Fashioning cockle-shells under the sea.

Don't laugh sailor-man, I'm really afraid,
This is no life for a wee little maid:
I'm not accustomed to floating at sea—
Sailor-man, sailor-man, where can we be?

I see not a ship, nor even a sail,
And now the sun's setting, the clouds look so pale,
Oh! there is our landing, how foolish I've been,
Wake me up, sailor-man, this is a dream."

MAILEN, THE BLACKSMITH

Beside the stream, next to the miller's door,
Mailen, the blacksmith, kind and poor,
Had built his shop, a structure rude—
A harbor for the meek and shrewd—
A pleasant place to spend an hour—
A shelter from the passing shower—
Where one might gather friendly cheer,
To weigh his troubles through the year.

The door-way was thrown open wide,
The day I shyly peeped inside,
And heard him beat the anvil fast,
And heard the bellows shrieking blast.
I saw his muscles rise and fall,
His huge reflection on the wall;
I'd heard him say in accents loud,
"My furrow has been deeply plowed."

I understood him not that day,
I only knew his kindly way;
His charity had known no bounds—
His worthy deeds a thousand rounds.
His pledge, in life, was work untold;
His hearty welcome grew not old;
He sought no favor for his treasure—
But smiled, on all, in silent pleasure.

'Twas in the Spring when first we met—
Mailen was old— I see him yet,
'Though, unto me, it seems today—
It must be twenty years away.
He stood, that day, in ragged clothes—
I'd heard of him— oh! goodness knows—
His name was echoed, far and wide,
'Twas kindled at the fire-side.

"Open your hearts, I've heard him say—
Take in the sunshine and be gay;
This is no tomb, this World of ours—
Refresh your memory's willful powers,
And give unto this World, good things—
Without a fear of serpent's stings;
The blot that stains your Earthly Chart
Will bruise the bosom of your heart."

The hounds went baying by the door,
And hunters passed him by the score;
And now and then he shod a steed—
Where some sweet maiden held the lead,
And chaffed with her in gentle grace—
While laughter lit his friendly face,
And crept into her fickle heart,
Until her conscience ruled the part.

When days were sunny— and clear the sky,
The hunters filled the lane close by,
And horses neighed impatiently,
And pranced and danced across the lea:
There many times, from out his shop,
He ran across the little plot,
And took the bridle from a maid—
Who looked so very much afraid.

The children waved a tiny hand,
And listened for his sweet command—
To come and sit with Mailen old,
And hear a fairy tale retold:
Or wander with him on the green,
Where flows the little mountain stream;
And sit upon its grassy banks—
Where Nature gives them well earned thanks.

So, friend, I've not forgotten you;
The years have left a happy clue,
And in my memory oft they ring,
When e'er I hear the anvil sing—
In my imagination's wrought,
An inspiration you have taught
Years long ago, this tale's not old,
But I bless you a hundred-fold.

Two Big Eyes Of Blue

big eyes of blue have left us, they have gone forever more,
ave two small feet that pattered, 'till they reached the library door;
I miss that pretty picture of my baby standing there,
d known that she should leave me, I'd have painted it with care.
have painted every ringlet of her sunny floating hair,
have made a picture lovely, but my thoughts were never there,
y were far away in dreamland, O, so many miles away,
across the deep blue ocean, where the fairies laugh and play.
was young and how we loved her, only God in Heaven knows,
who shows us boundless mercy, He whose love may sooth our woes;
will help us if we trust Him, He will answer every prayer—
we feel that she is happy, with Him and the angels there.
n fancy her in Heaven and the angels 'round her there—
ging songs of joy and gladness— in such anthems she might share.
n see her smiles of beauty— in the dreams that haunt my head,
y all seem so real and natural, I can hardly think her dead.
into the garden's cluster, she is roaming as before—
ning there among the roses, I can see her as of yore;
she loved the pure white roses, and a custom brought her there—
en 'neath their shade I'd find her, after calling in despair.
d be sleeping, sound and softly, as I raised her curly head,
my arms I'd take my darling to her cosy little bed.
ll I e'er forget the morning, when she lay there pale and cold,
e a little rose-bud faded, long before the Summer's old.
d her arms so sweet and dimpled resting on the pillow white—
med like Autumn's ghost returning, in the stillness of the night.
it was the saddest story, and it lingers day by day—
o blue eyes have gone to Heaven, for Our Darling's passed away.

DEDICATED TO OUR OWN LITTLE SHIRLEY
ON HER SECOND BIRTHDAY
MAY 1, 1914.

My Baby

Have you heard about my baby, yes, I mean the little one—
That you learned to love last summer, for she made you lots of fun
You would hardly know her now, dear, for she's running all about
She was two the other morning and the secret I let out.

Can you fancy her being two, dear, or her eyes being big and brown
She is like a little fairy, that the picture-book jots down,
All day long she's into mischief, and she's such a lot to say,
But she never has a trouble that won't quickly fade away.

Once, I watched her in the garden, saw her running to and fro—
To pick a flower here and there, wherever one might grow;
And once she caught me watching her, as she came running by,
She tried her best to smile a bit but she was far too shy.

She tries so hard to talk, dear, some things we understand,
But every word she says, of course, we think is simply grand.
She runs to meet her papa, when he comes home at night,
And puts her arms around his neck and hugs him good and tight.

You'd give a lot to see her when I put her into bed,
When on the pillow she lays down her pretty little head;
And soon she's off in fairyland, across the deep blue sea—
I know she's happy there, because, she always smiles at me.

And then it is we miss her, when she's not 'round about,
For her little feet do patter when she starts upon her route,
From the cellar to the garret top; out in the garden fair,
We often find her huddled up among the roses rare.

Now you'd love her now, dear, she's grown so plump and round;
teeth are just as white as snow you've seen upon the ground;
her hair is, O, so pretty, I'd just like you to see,
way I fix her up on days when she goes out with me.
ought to see her tiny shoes and stockings, pink and white,
the little doll, with golden hair, she takes to bed at night,
when she says, "Good-night mama," and I turn down the light,
by the angels watch o'er her and keep her through the night.
you getting weary, deary, as I talk to you this way,
don't know what a baby is, perhaps you will some day:
y're just a little bunch of love that brings one lots of joy,
atters little darling, if it be a girl or boy.

Cupids of Loveland

the Fairy Queen of Love. I live in the Green Forest, among the
y trees and wild flowers. I have a host of little Agents. Some call
a Cupids. I furnish each with a tiny bow and arrows and instruct
a to shoot into the hearts of all who are in love. They seldom miss
ppportunity and they are so nimble and quick, that few can dodge
a in their work. Once in a while they get terribly frightened, though,
ot all love affairs run smoothly; but they are loyal little Agents just
same and have drawn hundreds of hearts together with their per-
ent whispers of love. You would hardly know they were around but
make lovers so bold, that they forget themselves, and love affairs
press too rapidly. I am well satisfied with their work and as long
ove lives, they are sure of steady employment.

THE BIRD AND THE BEGGAR

ard a mournful bird, one time, singing a plaintive song,
as in a glen where other birds, sang happily, the whole day long;
i being a naturalist, to some extent, with feelings quite my own—
njured out of this, a tale, there, all alone.
w, within, a beggar, grim with dirt, hold out a skinny hand
help; then when the hand was full, he sang a sad song in the land.

He smiled an unreal smile, upon white cheeks that had no tone;
Then trudged away, into the dusk, to find his shanty-home;
And as he moved along he murmured that refrain,
So like the mournful bird, that sang down in the lane—
A song without a meaning though full of sad appeal,
That no one but a lover, in sadness, could reveal.

I could not leave this sad tale then, it lured me in that hour,
As does the harp, with magic sounds, lead one to a secret bower—
To disclose there, no maiden sweet, but some ill-natured witch,
Moving her rude fingers in timely measure, 'cross a switch.
I found his cot, in such a place, beneath the blinking wood,
A hideous hovel, with squeaking doors, as an ill-kept sty, it stood.

Around the grounds there walked another human with a haggard face
And children of a pale and piteous race, the same likeness she bore
And set apart, another languid figure stood, with bearded chin;
His steps were slower than the rest— this was the ancestry of sin.
Soon came the drone, with weary tread, across the waving field;
And as he neared this spot, they nodded, as dumb mutes— he showed
his yield.

Then came the end: a fire, more deadly than the lightning struck
the place
And burned it to the ground and all the wretched mortals of this
race.
And in its stead a fountain stood and fairies, in their brilliant colored dress,
Danced in a happy mood, and smiled on me in my distress.
My mournful bird was singing merrily, again,— a sweet enchanting
song;
The flush had left my cheeks and the world brewed nothing wrong.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN OF THE SEA

I rove upon the stormy sea and every vessel flees from me;
They know my flag of the skull and bones and the crew that
swears by all it owns.

I laugh, while my mate salutes and bows and asks my biddings
in the rows;

Comes he with talent and matchless grace, the heathen of a
fearless race.

I must be stern or he steps on me and stirs the demons of the
sea

To curdling rage; but I have faith, of late, he dare not meddle
with my plate;

He knows my sword has a keener edge, than any who's past
the boatsman's ledge;

And he has paled, only, to me— the pirate captain of the sea.

Ahoy! I shout, and my summons runs around the ship, like the
barking guns,

And valiant is every man who cares, who on a dreadful conflict
stares—

Stands sword in hand and pistol cocked— the traitor, in the
cabin, locked

Would gladly by the captain be, and take his chance— a man
to three.

We fight and our red shirts are redder with blood and on our
deck a streaming flood.

Our crew has never known defeat— all-comers on the sea we
meet,

From East to West, from North to South, they know the terror
of our route;

No bolder man e'er lived than me— the pirate captain of the
sea.

HAYMAKERS

Old Father Time's sweating some over this European affair; he's doing something but sharpen his scythe and grow whiskers.

Wealth is power, but a clean character will stand any test.

Don't go in swimming when sharks are around— this includes large sharks as well.

The hare is presumably the wildest animal on earth— this also, could be said of the heir to fortune.

A trap is an under-handed thing at the best, but the genius seldom creates it.

There's no secret formula for honesty, no copyright on same and patent pending.

If our sins stuck out on us like a leopard's spots, some of our beauties would be awful looking sights.

The sparrow never sang a song in his life, but his chirp's cheerful; make your life joyous and not tearful.

Remember, the sun-flower is a big-headed fellow but the snow-drops doesn't look up to him.

There's a proper way of saying everything, but what's the difference as long as you say something kindly and your heart's in the right place.

I would rather have the good will of the people, than be able to show one over on all of my competitors.

Old Dame Nature's a pretty good old scout after all, if she can't take care of your case at once she'll call on Old Father Time and the family doctor, for consultation.

It's not all fun being in business, but it's a good deal of fun, after a while.

The man who goes to sleep in his pew ought to be ashamed of himself so had the minister who preaches rock-a-bye sermons.

The Harmless Little Fly

[NIT]

him walking up the window pane; he's satisfied with sunshine or
with rain!

or harmless little creature, he does more good than many a preacher.
see him fly, watch where he goes, he's lighted on the baby's nose;
tickles, but he don't hurt— that baby always was a flirt!

or little fly, and just to think that he should die
sticky paper, or some vile trap, built by human hands to sap
the life blood from that martyr's heart, it just gives me a start;
the pain that he has suffered by these beastly thugs, and dreadful
greetings from their lungs.

I glad he's eyes upon his back, I hope he sees through every crack,
and every mean device that's made, and every tricky form that's laid;
I hope he always guesses right, and nothing blurs his active flight,
and may his life be hale and long, in dodging through this baffling
throng.

little fly, I want to say a few words in the briefest way,
take my advice and do not fly upon my neighbor's custard pie;
and do not enter in his house, I've heard he's tough on any louse,
do not peek around his door, lest you should lay upon the floor.

May

ne, hitch your steed and stay a while, she's foaming at the mouth,
the sweat lies thick upon her loins, the wind blows warmer south.
By all this speed, O, rider tell, why urge your dapple gray?
Your face is set like marble-stone, with wrinkles brown as clay.

Must be off, come change my horse, one for a swifter steed,
The errand is of gravest cause, so you my warning heed;
Buckle these straps to your swift footed beast, and hurry my saddle in
place,
I must be leaving your tavern behind, as I journey my critical pace.

Only this morning the word came to me, that my sweetheart was dying, at
And, now, I must leave you, my goodly sir, if I reach her before she is de
He galloped away, in the starry night, as the moon shone full and pal
And the clatter of his horse's hoofs, carolled the dreary trail,

All through the night the peasants heard his dreadful echoes ring,
Upon the blazing mountain-peaks, in valleys dark and dim.
By break of day he reached the place, his steed worn out and lame,
And he, with every muscle slack, his dody numb with pain.

The father waited at the door, to greet him as he came,
And the smile that lingered on his face had made him glad again.
"How is she, dad?" the lad then asked. The father wiped his eye,
And in his gruff old voice, mid sobs, he made him this reply:

"The case is all against us, the doctor said today,
And his advice to us, Jack, was to call you right away;
You know how much she wanted you, you're all she's asking for;
And ever since the message went, she's had me at the door."

Dear girl, I'll see her now, dad, although I don't look right,
There's not a girl, in all this world, that's like her in my sight.
He opened then the chamber door and led him to her side,
And as he knelt beside the bed, her blue eyes opened wide.

Her lips parted in words of love, he held her drooping hand.
And on her clinging fingers, then, he placed a golden band.
"Dear heart," he said, in accents sweet, "Ah! come this what it migh
The love I bear is stronger than the wand of death and night."

Look yonder, May, and see the fields, clad in their colors bright,
And hear the drowsy, humming bee send forth his music light.
Oh! hear the happy songsters, in the woodland, far away—
They're calling you and me to come and visit them today.

ouds are pale, but soon the sun, will flood their forms with light,
will banish all our cares, when all is well and right,
ve, your eyes look bright, not sad, the life is surely there,
you well, again, sweetheart, your cheeks bloom bright and fair."

* * * * *

pring time went and summer came, with all its golden light,
appy hearts, with wholesome love, are cherished in its might.
oses come, O! tired lad, and have your words come true?
ere's your May out in the fields, waving her hands to you!
ove so faithful brought her back— love is a priceless boon;
go and reap your harvest, lad, amid the songster's tune.
hat a heart a man must have, to bear such worthy praise;
aled there in his bosom, sings his heart, of happy days.

HAYMAKERS

urden of care is drawn by four horses, namely— worry, disappoint-
ent, grief and hard luck.

est man in the church should be the minister, or the devil will get
e best part of the congregation.

rum makes more noise than any other instrument in the band— so
the boss, the suprintendent and general-manager; but without the
ntire force they fall flat as a drum.

looking through a screen door, feels about as home-sick as a convict
ehind the bars.

awnbroker is shrewd enough in his investments; but save your money
s no reason to be dead broke— some people would pawn their lives
or a drink of whisky, and then go to the devil to square things.

ay take a lot of powder to blow a man to hell, but it sometimes takes
lot more persuasion, to keep him on the right track.

OLD BROADWAY IN ENGLAND

Quaint, picturesque, old Broadway!
I loved in my childhood
Your broad streets and green meadows:
I loved to hear the hunter's horn,
That broke so oft on mornings clear,
And filled the shy, red fox with fear.

In harvest time, so oft the orchards rich
Were loaded down with juicy fruit,
And every fragrant flower grew
Along the paths that entered them.
My youthful energies were strained, but not with care;
I built my fancy dreams, my fond imaginations there.

I fly back to the strip of years
I spent in that dear town;
I see myself again, the boy of years ago,
And think, I now would be a stranger there;
And thus this free born spirit in me dwells,
I seem again within those shady nooks and woodland dells.

I wander up the road and follow on this winding way,
Until, I come at last to the familiar stile—
The threshold to the sweeping meadows green,
The place of rest for weary travelers, old;
Or some shy lad might help his true love now,
And leave a gentle kiss upon her brow.

The air is sweet and pure and blue the summer sky,
And dotted here and there are flowers of bright hues,
In chains of pink and blue and white;
And thicker now they grow by yonder stream,
That babbling brook flows through a fairyland,
By shores of gold, on either hand.

Now, I have reached the summit of the hill,
And look down on the village to the west:
Oh! What a picture I have told my heart,
Because I loved that scene of yore.
A hundred cottages along the quiet street—
Thatched roofs and walls of white, I greet.

My dear dog, Lucy, lies panting at my side,
This friend and companion always went with me
And followed where I led the way;
I do believe she loved those hills as well as I,
No more I'll hear her bark or sad impatient whine,
She's gone forever with the flight of time.

On sunny days like this I chose
To roam down to the Morris Mill;
I've seen the moor-hen there, in shyest grace,
Dart from the over-hanging shrubs that edge the lake,
And swiftly make her flight, scarce knowing where to go,
And then I've seen the eggs, on floating twigs below.

I've wandered up a glen, not far from here,
Or rode a pony through the place,
Where tall trees form a shady bower all the way,
And scented flowers blush among their leaves.
Ah! Many's the happy hour, I've spent in such a lonely lane
And there, I've fancied scores of things, too numerous to name.

I see the shepherd, with his collie, moving 'cross the dales,
And gentle sheep that silently, graze near,
And coy lambs in the spring-time frolicking about,
So timid, yet so very dear, they play in shyness 'round.
The shepherd, then, had sent his dog to gather up the herd
And soon they all are homeward bound— without a word.

The birds from out the woodland, sing their songs so merrily,
The thrush and robin are so dear to English hearts,
And all have known the wren and green-bird in their prime;
A host of others like the sparrow and the linnet flutter by,
And in the woods the pheasant and the partridge hide,
And rabbits in abundance live as neighbors, by their side.

The stage waits, with its prancing horses, on the green,
The coachman buckles up the straps and smoothes the leader's mane,
Then rises to his box and cracks the whip,
His reins in hand, then all are off upon the road to Worcester.
I feel this so old fashioned in my mind to-day,
Yet will I ne'er forget the tidings on the way.

Little Wilfrid

Plump little Wilfrid, with wondering eyes,
Looks from his trundel bed,
Smiles on me in his dear little way,
And slow moves his round little head,

Isn't he happy and cheerful, now,
Look at his sparkling eyes!
Watch the rogue roll them to and fro,
Like clouds of blue in the skies.

Bless him, he's only a month old to-day!
Isn't he bright for his age?
See how he's acting up all by himself;
He's fit for the vaudeville stage.

I musn't joke, for I love him so,
He's such a joy to my heart;
Plump little Wilfrid, dear little Wilfrid,
May we never, never part.

HAYMAKERS

The man who sticks his head into a lion's mouth is taking the chance of his life— but it does not compare with the man who sticks his head inside of a saloon and orders something.

In the first place— who put the devil on the wrong track? Someone must have unlocked the switch, for he was quite decent at one time or another, and there are those who believe in him yet.

After all the smallest thing in the world is a small man with no understanding.

Love has driven more men to the insane asylum than any other place, aside from hell.

Striking a gold mine does not necessarily mean putting gold into one's mitts.

Rules and laws are a fine thing but they don't appeal to violators at all.

The business man's world is how much custom he gets— the customer's world is how much value he gets for his money.

System is— accomplishing the most, with the least effort, in the most efficient way.

The average man, now-a-days, can dip his hand into his trousers pocket, produce the coin he wants, toss it up in the air and lose it; he calls this history; I call it damn foolishness.

"It's none of your business what goes on here," said the devil to an impatient inmate of hell, "My intentions are to keep a light lit, even if feul goes sky-high.

When hard-luck gives success a black-eye— don't hold up your hands and do nothing.

THE IDLER

I'm idling now, as one might muse, on stupid things that are not right;
Or sip the cup of wine, with an unsteady gaze, long in the night;
Or ramble through a lonely forest glade and pipe a tune,
And make believe there was no rarer month than June.

Why court the country lass with glances and pass by,
Feasting upon her beauty and her blushes shy:
Or as some bird that twittered in the grove,
Appealed to your kind fancy in this mode.

Disturb the heart a bit with some abiding song,
And let it rattle through your head ere long;
A tit-bit of the prince who wooed in vain,
Till after years he won what he'd attain.

Down where the buttercups and violets grow,
Of blue and yellow— mark them in a row,
These flowers with a common face— we love,
Perhaps dearer than the rose or some forgotten love,

I am a strange apostle to a kingdom in this hour.
And imps are dancing through my head as would a torrent shower;
And were a brighter prospect now to shine,
I, verily, would then adopt a course in time.

Shut out this mad erected beam of truth.
And pile my books upon the shelf of youth;
What has a meek old man to say, so idly,
That he might just as soon arrange more tidily.

OVER THE HILLS TO CAMDEN

Over the hills to Camden, how I long to go,
Past the quaint, old fashioned stile—
Thru the meadows for a mile,
Then to take the winding road—
Over the hills to Camden.

Over the hills to Camden, it's sunny all the way,
Past the smiling little stream—
Where the yellow cowslips beam;
Nothing dreary all the way—
Over the hills to Camden.

Over the hills to Camden, in my dreams, I go,
Just as any homesick boy,
Who has known their wonderous joy;
Nature smiles on scenes, most fair—
Over the hills to Camden,

Over the hills to Camden, O! what a journey of joy;
Song-birds singing everywhere—
Pure and light, the balmy air;
How I envy the one to go—
Over the hills to Camden.

Over the hills to Camden, blithely I travelled the way,
Skipped along in the sunshine—
Making the best of a good time,
Loving the things that I can't forget—
Over the hills to Camden.

Over the hills to Camden, take me there again,
Let me rest 'neath shady trees—
Just beyond the grassy leas,
I've spent many a happy hour—
Over the hills to Camden.

PAID FOR EXPERIENCE

Got a match, sir? I want t' light m' pipe,
Don't take much notice o' me, 'cause I'm a little tight;
Been on a tear, fer a fortnight, now,
Buyin' the cafes out an' startin' many a row.

Ain't slept much nights,
Been where the girls is dancin' in tights,
Some show, old man, some show; but it don't pay,
Fer I'm unsteady, haven't got a cent, t'day.

Been where the bright lights is? Sure!
Stepped into ev'ry juicy place, until I was a bore;
Can't say I'm satisfied with what I saw,
Don't know what I paid m' money for.

'Member 'bout the sparklin' wine, a winsome chick poured out
Heard the funny stories, that she told about;
Can't say that she was very, very pretty,
But you ought t' hear her sing the latest ditty.

She came out, after that, with half her clothes on,
Something wrapped 'round her waist, an' silken hose on;
She kicked high, old man, she kicked high, all right,
Didn't need no instructions, how t' fly her kite.

But take a good sized look at me; I ain't goin' t' holler,
She bled me, an' bled me right, of ev'ry bloomin' dollar;
Got even m' gold stick pin an' chain,
An' ev'ry other blessed thing, that I can name.

Well now, old man, I'll light m' pipe,
The only bloomin' thing that's left, she didn't swipe;
I've took the medicine, they feed such folks as me,
When they've been, about a fortnight, on a spree.

The Milkmaid of Sunnybrook Farm

I know the milkmaid on Sunnybrook Farm,
She is dearer and sweeter in every charm,
Than ever a maid in the city grew,
To rosy health, simple and true.

I've heard her call in the pasture,
I've seen the cows coming home in a row,
And the shaggy shepherd-dog jumping for joy,
As her voice rang, merrily, "Round 'em up boy."

I've heard the horses neigh in the lane,
Over and over, and over again;
I've seen them run to the picket fence, high,
To receive her pat, as she passed by.

Everyone's happy on Sunnybrook Farm,
Each has his own particular charm,
But the milkmaid's face, so happy and free,
Is the dearest of them all to me.

Oft rings her happy laughter, there,
Where every day is free from care;
Sunnybrook Farm is the place to be,
Where the pretty milkmaid, I can see.

Raking the meadows of new-mown hay,
While sun-beams on her dimples play.
Over and over, again, this scene,
Runs through many and many a dream.

The sweet little miss of Sunnybrook Farm,
With a shining milk-pail under her arm;
Happy was I, her face to see,
Smiling, winsomely, at me.

A Little Tot's Christmas

It's getting near to Christmas—
The time for Santa's call;
We hope he'll pack the stockings full,
Upon the chimney-wall.

We're getting so excited,
As children do, no doubt;
And Mama doesn't dare to ask,
What all the fuss is 'bout.

Last year, he brought a great, big doll,
And lots, and lots of toys;
I wonder if he does as much,
For other girls and boys.

He always does remember us,
Oh, dear Old Santa Claus!
The good things that he brings to us,
Would sum up in the scores.

I kept my eyes wide open, once,
Just wouldn't close them tight,
And so he didn't call on me,
At all, one Christmas Night,

And Mama says, I should be good,
And keep them closed, 'till morning—
Or some wee bird will flutter 'round,
And give Old Santa warning.

And now, I really cannot wait,
For Christmas Eve to come,
And when it does, I'll close my eyes,
Oh! tighter than a drum.

Memories of Sunnybrook Farm

Who is it lives at Sunnybrook Farm,
At Sunnybrook Farm, on the hill?
Only a maid, of a typical shade,
That dwells in my memory still.

'Tis her I'm thinking of today,
As the Summer breezes blow,
The sweet little lass, with curly hair,
In the days of long ago.

When the apple trees were white with bloom,
And the song birds sang all day,
I mind her coming from the fields—
'Twas in the month May.

Her bonnet tilted to the side;
Her cheeks of rosy ray—
In all this world, I used to think,
There was none half as gay.

Came she and stood beside the door,
Smiling with gentle grace,
Like one sweet fairy of a dream,
That filled the very place.

In Autumn, when the trees were bare,
And rustling leaves did grace
The vacant yards, where flowers grew,
So oft, her steps I'd trace.

So take me, again, to Sunnybrook Farm,
To Sunnybrook Farm on the hill,
And make me merry, with this little maid,
As we wander, again, by the rill.

WHO TURNS THE WHEEL?

She had been treated, shamefully, by Rule,
That strict, unyielding counselor,
That diplomat and orator of Law—
So many times a fool.

She listened to his voice, his gruff, stern words,
Obeyed them, as a meek, young thing;
But as She grew, came Passion to the door,
On his determined errand, with his beguiling words.

And She was stronger in her pose, after his call,
And saw only the rough-nakedness of Rule;
And Rule grew angry at the change, dealt with her hard,
And looked with rude suspicion to her fall.

Then Love came, also, at this time, with soothing balm,
But fled, when Rule appeared, into an alcove of her breast,
And rested there, with sympathy, and kept Rule's power out,
And sang its plaintive psalm.

Then Freedom came, that young, free spirit, born,
With its untiring soul, brimfull of Life;
She made him welcome to her throne,
And turned to Rule and Love with scorn.

But Love would not accept her in this light,
Tho Rule soon tired and had cast her out:
So She went, merrily, in hand with Freedom and Ambition;
But Love saw Ruin on the Hill and wept long in the night.

Love followed in their tracks, for all three were plain,
Strong Love, with Joy and Happiness, his two companions, went;
And they persuaded Her to come and She accepted them,
And so, at last, True Love, must reign.

*This is the end of my little book,
With many a tale that is true;
It took lots of time,
To make up this rhyme,
Here's hoping it interests you.*

Leora Delafield





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A GOOD
ROOF OVERHEAD
WILL KEEP OUT THE
RAIN, BUT IT TAKES A
PLEASANT SMILE TO
BRING THE SUNSHINE
INTO A DARK
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